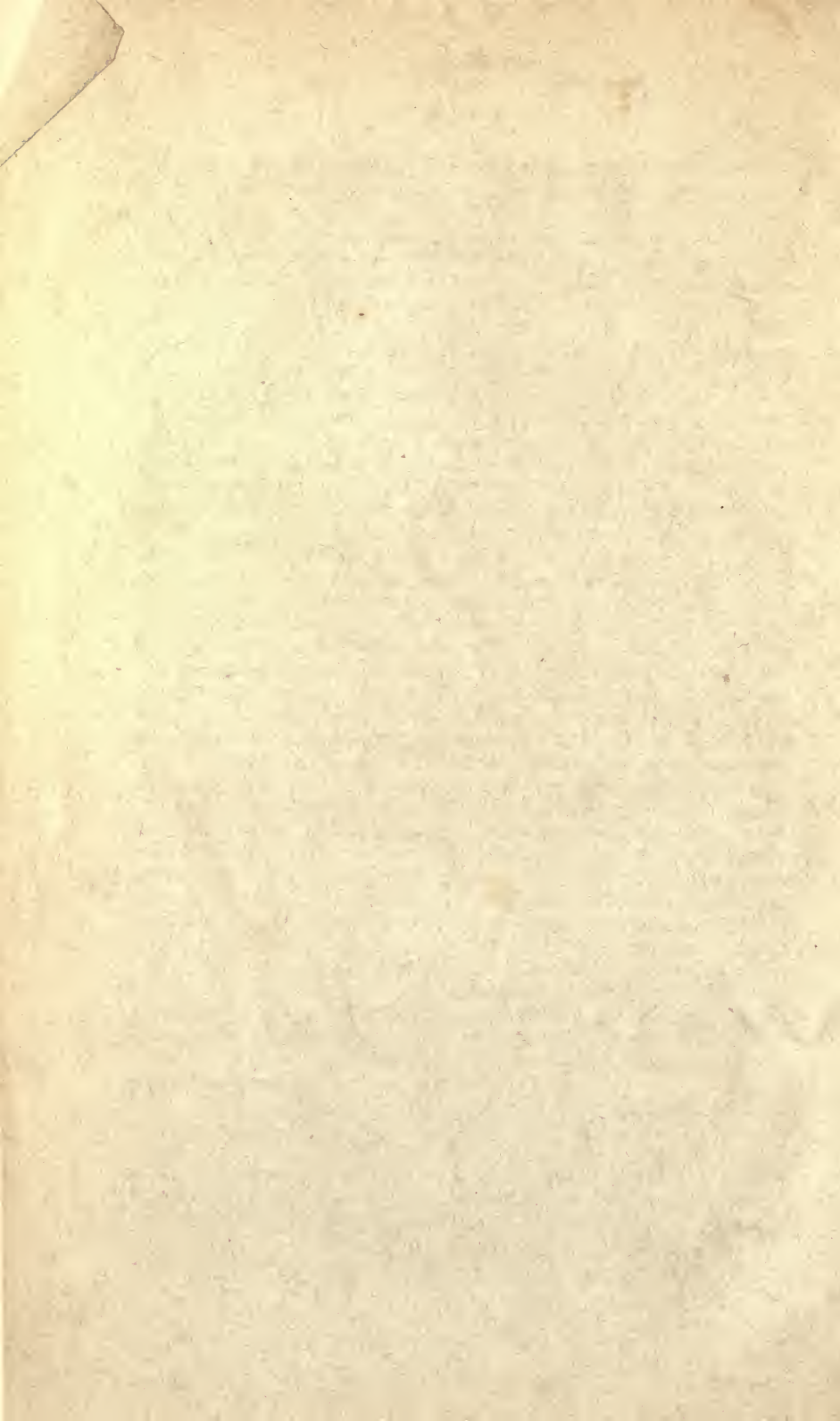




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Land-Gambling vs. Mining Gambling.

7

THIRD EDITION.

CONTAINING

AN OPEN LETTER

EACH TO

Chief Justice Waite,

AND

Ex-U. S. Attorney-General Speed.

ALSO, A CHAPTER ENTITLED

FIELDIANA,

With all the matter of the Second Edition, of the
OPEN LETTER to SQUIRE P. DEWEY, relative to
Land-Gambling in San Francisco, etc., in
Early Days.

FROM

ONE WHO KNOWS.

SAN FRANCISCO,
FEBRUARY, 1880.

For Sale at the Book and News Stores Ten Cents a copy

7

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL NAVY

FROM THE FIRST

SETTLEMENT OF THE COLONIES

TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY

JOHN H. COLEMAN

OF THE

NAVY OFFICE

LONDON

1871

PRINTED BY

JOHN W. COLEMAN

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SAN FRANCISCO,

FEBRUARY, 1880.

PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION.

It was verbally given out by me on first publishing the "Open Letter" to Dewey, that several specific and well-attested acts of rascality, committed by him and confederates, would be prepared and laid before the public, through the medium of another pamphlet. But Dewey, and others arraigned in the indictment published, (except one) having tacitly plead guilty to those general charges, and all the newspapers having fully indorsed them by their silence—not one even mentioning the appearance of the pamphlet—I deem it unnecessary to adduce further evidence in the premises, to present to the grand jury of the whole people.

In that indictment I did injustice to one party, ex-U. S. Attorney-General Speed. I have, in this edition, made ample amends for my blunder.

Perusers of the two first editions of the pamphlet should peruse the whole of this. I have added some matter in the body of the Letter to Dewey, corrected other, inserted a letter, each, to Mr. Speed and to Chief-Justice Waite, upon questions of vital general interest, and a chapter entitled "Fieldiana."

Some find fault with the pamphlet because they think I've spoken too much about myself and wrongs in it. But since an injury done an individual is an injury done to society, I do right to relate those wrongs, and demand that society shall redress them. Moreover, when I recite the way the land-robbing banditti of this City deprived me of a large realty here, I voice the wrongs of numerous others, alike swindled out of their possessions. Additional to the large numbers who were murdered or maimed for holding on to their homesteads, and others who fell in bloody frays about disputed titles, arising from the entanglement of tenures and possessions, primarily caused by the villainous operations of the land-title-manufacturing conspirators, of the Dewey *et al.* type, there are hundreds now in poverty who should have a goodly competency—some, like myself, large wealth—whilst our despoilers reside in palatial mansions, and disport their liveried carriages through the streets of San Francisco, or lavish their ill-gotten incomes in the capitals of Europe and our Eastern cities.

Dewey and his fuglemen assert that the Bonanza Barons employed me to pen this pamphlet. It was written and

first published without the knowledge of one of them. Finding them and Dewey at war and fiercely bombarding each other from behind their respective ramparts, and having a grievance against the latter, I collected my own ammunition as well as taking some from the arsenals of the two belligerents, went to the rear of Dewey's fortification, erected my battery and poured a heavy fire of hot shot into it. I shall continue to cannonade such enemy and all who have given or may give aid and comfort to them. The bonanza men and myself are merely allies, in this campaign, in assailing a common foe. The important thing for Dewey, and others bothering themselves about the preparation and expenses of the pamphlet, is to show its contents or any portion to be untrue.

For thirty years these Pueblo plunderers, with their confederates, have revelled in a carnival of crime—have gorged themselves with stolen property. I seek to impale a portion of them in this and other brochures, penned by me, who, if not execrated nor punished by the present conscience-blunted generation, will thus be transmitted to a more virtuous posterity to be properly condemned. The souls of several have departed to hadesan realms.

Dante revenged himself and country, upon their enemies, by portraying the horrible appearing monsters they were turned into, and direful punishment in hell. I prefer to paint my and my country's enemies in their hideous character as developed in this life.

C. E. PICKETT.

February, 1880.

NOTE.—The newspapers failing to do their duty to the public in noticing the other editions of this pamphlet—fearing to offend the old plundercrats by such action and, thereby, losing a dollar— all readers of it who may like its contents, should assist in giving it circulation and notoriety.

“ For time at last sets all things even—
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.”

—*Byron's Mazeppa.*

“ Let the galled jade wince,
My withers are unwrung.”

—*Shakespeare.*

Hon. Jas. Speed, Louisville, Ky.

DEAR SIR :—In my brief note to you, of the 26th of December, I promised to respond, at greater length, to yours of the 16th of the same month.

On referring to the archives here, I discovered the blundering injustice done you in my Dewey letter. So far from you having been the recreant U. S. Attorney-General who assisted the San Francisco Pueblo thieves to consummate their grand scheme of villainy, you happened to be the very one who temporarily check-mated such scheme at an important juncture.

Since I propose to add, at present, another chapter to this deeply interesting history, I will relate the immediate proceedings connected with such phase of the conspiracy, and give the names of the leading actors in it.

After Judge Field and Senator Conness had smuggled through the Act of Congress of July 1st, 1864, (Field himself drawing up the Bill) I went at once to Judge Hoffman to learn whether he would transfer the case from his Court to Field's, since the language of the law was only permissible. Hoffman told me he would certainly do so should the U. S. District Attorney make a motion to such effect. As that officer (Delos Lake) belonged to the band of conspirators, I knew he would not fail in this. He did not. Having got the case before Judge Field, the next step was to buy up or bluff off Jno. B. Williams, "special counsel" in the case on behalf of the Government. In this they signally and ingloriously failed. [And let me here remark, that Williams stands among the very few attorneys on this Coast, who, under strong temptations to prove false to a client, either through cowardice or venality, has not done so.] Every species of brow-beating and insulting treatment was extended towards him by the four men conducting this unparalleled and atrocious violation of law and high-handed exercise of usurped authority, to drive him from the faithful performance of his duty, even the newspapers being availed of by them to lyingly misstate his position and conduct. These four official agents of the Pueblo plunderers were, Stephen J. Field, Judge of the U. S. Circuit and Supreme Courts; Delos Lake, U. S. District Attorney for California; Jno. W. Dwinelle, of counsel in the case for the City of San Francisco, and George C. Gorham, Clerk of the Circuit Court. The latter, at the instigation of the three first, smothered the important brief of Williams, in the case, by not placing it on file, and surreptitiously abstracted another brief of his which had been filed.

Having thus foully arranged for a snap judgment, which Field, the better to ensure, had refused to permit Hoffman to sit with him in the hearing of the cause, though I wrote him a note begging him to do so, and, likewise, urged Hoffman to sit, who answered me he would not unless especially invited by Field, such judgment was rendered in conformity with the long and corruptly planned scheme of the great plundering league.

It was the last day of Court, and to prevent Williams, moving for a rehearing, after finding that his briefs had been suppressed, Field hurriedly adjourned it, saying he would hold a short session in the morning ; but early next day, without appearing in the Court-room, he went aboard the steamer and departed for Washington, taking Clerk Gorham with him.

Williams wrote to Attorney-General Bates all about the infamous proceedings ; pointing out, particularly, the gross and palpable falsehood in Field's decision, regarding the U. S. Attorney's admission in the case, who directed that a rehearing should be asked of Hoffman, but which was, subsequently, delayed for Field's return in the spring, when the case was brought before the Circuit Court again for a modification of the decree, and on rehearing.

Field then rendered as lying, jesuitical and spiteful a decision (most furiously wrathly against Williams for exposing his rascality) as ever emanated from a judicial seat. In it, he not only denied a rehearing, but, likewise, decided that no appeal could be taken from his Court ; thus hoping to put a double clincher on his work of villainy, and estop all inquiry into it.

And now comes in your check-mating action to such proceedings. On Williams' representation, you filed an application in the Supreme Court for a writ of mandamus to take the case to Washington. This was granted, and it went up. At such startling announcement wild consternation seized the whole of the Pueblo banditti. Here had they, as stated in the Dewey letter, been, for years, committing every species of crime, and expending vast sums of money from their "CORRUPTION FUND" to secure a decree in their favor, when just as they were led to believe that success was about to crown such efforts, the case had gone to the Supreme Court, where it was well known the fraud would be exposed, and they defeated. One only hope of success remained.

The Attorney-General and the attorney pretending to represent the city must be *bribed* to dismiss the appeal. Accordingly the pueblo plunderers went to work to raise

the requisite amount of bribe money. They succeeded in accomplishing both. The following extract tells the tale.

The San Francisco Pueblo Suits.

“In the Supreme Court of the United States, December 21st, 1866—On the motion of Mr. Attorney-General Stanbery, of counsel for the appellees, and with the consent of Mr. T. J. Coffey, of counsel for the appellant—per written stipulation on file—it is now here ordered, adjudged and decreed by this Court that this appeal be, and the same is hereby dismissed.”

No one in California now has the hardihood to assert there was, in reality, a four-league or any other size Pueblo existing here when the Americans conquered the country. I was verbally requested by Captain John B. Montgomery, a few weeks after he hoisted our flag here, in July, 1846, to investigate the tenure of the land covering the site of the village of Yerba Buena and vicinity. After a full conference with the ex-Mexican officials of the *Partido* or District, and other leading citizens, I reported that all these had assured me the land, ungranted to individuals, was a portion of the public domain, and that no such thing as town or pueblo lands existed. I likewise learned that the Alcaldes possessed no power, by virtue of their office, to make grants of lots here, for the reason that no such Pueblo lands appertained—their doing so being only by express permission of the Governor of the Territory. This was conclusively proven in both the State and United States courts, time and again, yet, in the face of it, perjured and purchased judges and jurymen decided otherwise.

And this perjury and jugglery is still going on, especially with reference to the long-delayed settlement of the Pueblo Survey, and in throwing parties out of court upon the pretence of their suits being barred by the Statute of Limitations, when every one of those rascally judges well knew and know that no such statute can run until five years after the patent shall have been issued, which has not yet been done.

The facts narrated with reference to the way the Pueblo suit was decided is but one among the many acts of tampering with court records, conniving at the abstraction of official documents, holding cases in abeyance until smuggling through some false, enabling legislation, and evading his official duty, of which Judge Field has been guilty. Only last August he induced the Clerk of the Circuit Court to mutilate the record in a certain case—“*Tripp vs. Spring*”—and to assist him in committing a forgery therein, by post-

dating and filing an opinion in the case, after the suit had been compromised and dismissed, in order that he might use its authority, through his pals, to have the Pueblo Survey decided by Secretary Schurz in accordance with his wishes and his interests, although contrary to his own decree determining the Pueblo boundary, because, among his numerous judicial *douceurs*, are a number of acres of high-tide-covered land, for which he or one of his brokers holds the Pueblo title that would be lost to him by having the survey determined aright. And, no doubt, he has a large cash contingent, besides, to be paid by other claimants of similar lands, dependent upon his success in defeating such survey.

For over a dozen years there was a double chain of title for this same Pueblo land prosecuted by these fabricators—the one through the Legislative department, predicated upon the assumption of its being United States public domain; the other through the Judicial, on the ground of a Spanish title appertaining to the city, as successor of an established Pueblo.

Jesuit jurist Field taught the fabricating plunderers and their other judicial servitors how to so manipulate matters in Court and out of Court, and through Congressional, State and San Francisco Municipal legislation as to prestidigitate or thimblorig their double-headed titles in such artful manner as to always win. For whenever one of these hog-gambling rascals got cornered and was about to lose on one head he adroitly slipped his marked card on to the other head and raked in the pot.

Judge Field's name has been much mentioned as a candidate for the next Democratic presidential nominee. I think him eminently qualified for such position. When statesmen and honest, patriotic citizens controlled such party and were placed at the head of the government to wisely conduct it, I was a leal supporter of the same; but now that only trafficking politicians and place and plunder hunters control it, I abandon it. Having abjured all its old principles and seeking powermost alone for the selfish purposes, Field, I repeat, will be a most appropriate candidate to nominate. Having squandered a million dollars of his bribe money in the gambling "hells" of Washington and San Francisco, and also club-rooms, private houses and hotels, during some years past, he would make a heavy haul upon the public treasury, if elected, to expend in the same manner. Doubtless the three or four million dollars Secret Service money,

placed in his hands, as President, would all go in such direction.

What millions the firm of *Tilden, the Fields and Company* would have pocketed had the three brothers succeeded in getting Tilden counted in as President.! With Stephen J. upon the Supreme Court bench, David Dudley Attorney-General and Cyrus W. to operate on the outside, half the profits of all the railroads in the land, as well as other heavy drafts would have been compulsorily poured into its coffers. The firm has since been dissolved in consequence of Sammy and Cyrus proving faithless to each other. The rogues are now by the ears.

Field sold his vote on several bills in the second California Legislature; sold some infamously false decisions, and, like Hastings, also sold correct ones, when a Supreme Judge of the State; and has since been selling the same sort of decisions as a United States Circuit and Supreme Judge. His principal *broker*, General C. I. Hutchinson, of this city, could give a very accurate estimate of the aggregate sums he has received for such sales.

In a pamphlet published by me last May, I titled Field a "Judicial Jesuit," applying such term in its offensive English signification. It eminently suits his plausible oily-tongued cunning, hypocritical, evasive, double-dealing and Machiavellian style of conversation and composition of decisions.

You will perceive I have corrected, in the letter to Dewey, my mistake about yourself. Believing I have made satisfactory amends for the unintentional injustice done you,

I remain, very respectfully, your ob't s'v't,

C. E. PICKETT.

San Francisco, Cal., February, 1880.

Hon. M. R. WAITE,

Chief Justice United States Supreme Court.

YOUR HONOR :—I am prompted to pen to you an Open Letter for insertion in this olio production. I pray you may have the leisure to peruse the whole of its pages, since there is much in it that will interest and instruct you. If not having such leisure, then glance at certain portions, which may be pointed out by your secretary, that refer to some of your judicial renditions, and to a very black sheep associate on your bench.

I regarded, at the time, and still regard your elevation to the august tribunal, over which you preside, as the last expiring act of lofty patriotism to be perpetrated under the existing form of government.

Your selection might, almost, be termed an accident, brought about by certain fortuitous events. First, was nominated to the position, that notorious thief and pettifogging rascal, Attorney-General Williams ; next the scheming and sommersaulting politician, Caleb Cushing. The attempt of the appointing power to disgrace the seat with such improper persons, appears to have aroused enough of latent public virtue, in the bosoms of the senators of both parties, as to induce them come together to confer as to who was most suitable to be the successor of such illustrious jurists as Marshall, Storey and Taney, when you were agreed upon and so intimated to the Executive. And thus far, you have proved yourself worthy to succeed such men.

Whilst faithlessness and falsehood—a trampling on all law, equities and evidence—have, with rare exceptions, long marked the official actions of other departments of the Federal and State Governments, in which they have been upheld by the newspapers and politicians, and by the inane and suiciding people themselves, the Supreme Court, under your pure and enlightened lead, has, in the main, maintained the right.

Those so-called “Granger decisions” show the Court’s intent to defend the master rights of the masses—to bulwark community interests. But of what avail will such decisions prove, if that community shall refuse to stand by the Court, and thus permit the force and effect of the same to be annulled by the recreant acts of other public functionaries, which is being done.

The fact is, your Honor, the American people, throughout the North, especially here in California, are proving themselves but little fit for self-rule. They are an unpatriotic,

discordant, heterogeneous, disintegrating and selfish herd of humans. Their mottos for acting on, are—"After us the deluge," and "Every fellow for himself and devil take the hindmost." The inordinate greed and unscrupulous grasping of our well-to-do and wealthy citizens, render them even more indifferent to community interests than the other classes. We have reached that degenerate condition of "extreme democracy," so graphically portrayed in Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws*; and, in one particular, descended to a lower deep; having not only violated an edict of Heaven, set at naught the expressed injunction of the Bible, as well as guarantees of the Federal Constitution, by compulsorily releasing from bondage a subgenetic or naturally servile race, but *forced* that race upon political equality with their late masters. Spite the teachings and monitions of philosophic statesmen, and learned ethnic and anthropic writers, these false measures were consummated. In striking mythical shackles from the limbs of black people, South, the masses of white people, North, have more effectually forged for and manacled theirs with genuine ones. It is a fallacy for them to say, that they have elevated the negro. That is impossible, since the Ethiop can no more change his nature than his skin. It is this degenerate portion of the white race who have descended to the lower level of the negro. The "Dred Scott" decision of your learned predecessor—Taney—is correct in all its bearings. For what with this impious and fallacious negro equality idea of the major mass of Americans, which has practically overruled that wise decision, and the urgent invitation to our shores, and indiscriminate citizenising of such hordes of the human offscourings of all countries, jumbled together under a *no form* of government, we have made a hell's broth cauldron of the land.

With few exceptions, the Courts of most of the States are no longer palladiums to shield us against the encroachments and robber-like levyings of that *imperium in imperio* power, the dominating great corporations and the land monopolists. An intellectual as well as moral taint appears to have beclouded the intellects and benumbed the consciences of the judges as well as legislators, and constantly led them astray. In fact, for forty years or over, throughout the major portion of the Republic, the minds of both law-makers and interpreters have been more and more biassed in favor of the wealth accumulators of the land, and hence the laws have nearly all been made and construed to unfairly subserve their purposes.

Most of the lawyers of the day, especially here in California, are alike entainted, and seem to have more unsound ideas on governmental matters and the general spirit of law, than the laymen masses, ignorant of such as are the latter. A drivelling adherence to unimportant technicalities, a narrow stickling for Court rules, or the mere wording of the law (so frequently misconstrued), whilst losing sight of the saving grace of its spirit, mark the professional conduct of the most of them. From the foundation of our State, its mis-titled "Temples of Justice," as well as Legislative Halls, have witnessed little else, within their walls, than JUGGLERY, JARGON and INJUSTICE.

Years previous to your rendition of the Granger decisions, I had been contending, through the medium of pamphlets (the newspapers all being in the pay and service of the monopolists, and therefore excluding my matter from their columns), for the same doctrine. But of what avail? The poor, berobbed community continued to elect to office those alone who befriended their despoilers.

Over this city, for twenty years, have been extended the radiata of a monster octopus, in the shape of a Water Supply Company. Although the people have loudly complained against its insatiable absorption of their substance, yet they have not the intelligence nor the courage to cast it off. Each year it exacts an enormous extra tribute, with which to subsidize the newspapers (there is not a solitary one in San Francisco it does not directly or indirectly control), and buy up the politicians and public servants. Notwithstanding the water it furnishes, belongs to the inhabitants of the City by virtue of their inalienable communal rights; it is not taken from the octopus because the corrupted public servants, politicians and newspapers, and pensioned attorneys continued to bamboozle the beswindled and befooled citizens with the false assertion that the enhanced value of the water appertains to the octopus instead of to themselves; and because its bribe money prevents any proper law being passed and executed to condemn and take possession of the works, at a proper valuation.

With such disintegrating and subverting causes operating, and with such a debauched condition of society, why wonder at the internecine bloody anarchy impending over the land.

When constitutional requirements and well established laws and usages are openly disregarded, and leading men, like Thaddeus Stevens, on the floor of Congress, frankly avow and defend the same; when all parties are resorting to

trickery and circumvention to obtain the mastery; when Congress, Legislatures and most of the Courts no longer daught to shield the masses from being depredated upon by the preying portion of society, such anarchy and bloodshed, under the existing regime, cannot be distant.

I conclude by remarking that I do not write you in this pessimistic strain because I despair of the future of the American people. I only cease to have any expectation of their reforming abuses under the existing abnormal, or at least, outgrown, form of government. We must speedily alter it from its polluting, decivilizing and despotic absolute majority governed condition, to one of concurrent majorities. I shall soon lay my plan of a *New Republic* before our people. Its leading features will be a plural Executive; Sectional as well as State autonomy; separate class suffrage; minority representation: Public Censors; special courts for the trial of accursed public officials; and each section to sanction such immigration, and citizenize whom and how it pleases.

With great respect, your fellow citizen,

C. E. PICKETT.

San Francisco, Cal., February, 1880.

P. S.—There are two great questions which have been decided by the Supreme Court, and, in my opinion, most wrongfully decided, which I would like to see brought again before it for you to pass judgment upon. The one that the precious metals found on Mexican land grants, belong to the proprietors of such land. The granting, like Spain and Mexico, of large areas of land to individuals, is contrary to our laws and the genius of our institutions, as in former times interpreted. Yet neither of those nations gave the minerals, along with the land, but reserved them, under impartial laws, to the discoverers or denouncers of the same.

The other is a far worse decision in its effects. It is that the Public Lands of the United States, are vested, in absolute fee, in the Federal Government, to be sold or given in such quantities as Congress shall determine; whereas, they are a joint or *cestui que* trust, Congress being enfeoffed with the legal title in them as a fiduciary agent, and only empowered to make rules and regulations for distributing such lands among the people; and prescriptive usage as well as law had already determined that one hundred and sixty acres was the maximum an individual, and only an individual, could acquire; and his pre-emptive possession of the same was held valid, whether the land had been surveyed



or not, provided he paid, at the time required by law, the Government price for the same.

Twenty-five years ago, when the adverse doctrine was mooted here, I took strong grounds against it, published and spoke much upon the subject; got resolutions, penned by me, favoring my views, introduced at several sessions of the Legislature, but all to no effect. The monopolizing speculators, who have so largely dominated the entire country, several decades, carried the day. First our California Legislature and Courts decided in their favor, and next Congress and the Supreme Court.

When denouncing such false and injurious proceedings, after consummation of the great wrong, I, relying upon the uprising of a community, despoiled through such perverted legal appliances, menacingly and imperiously, in its name, demanded that all such legislation and adjudication should be reversed, and the millions of wrongfully alienated acres revert to the common estate. I have ceased to longer make such demand, after finding how servile, spiritless and ignorant of their sovereign rights, are the masses of the American people. They seem determined to yield obedience to their usurping robber masters. And they will so yield as long as the present bastard form of government shall endure, which asphyxiates all patriotism, destroys all public virtue and nearly all private, necessitates a moral interregnum, and is so rapidly precipitating us into the throes of a sanguinary chaos.

And now, sir, in concluding this post scriptum, permit me to say something about that very black sheep alluded to in the beginning of my letter. The evil genius of your Bench, for several years, has been Stephen J. Field. A corrupter Judge never soiled the ermine in Christendom. He was placed upon the Supreme Court Bench through influence of the villainous and secret machinations of the old Pueblo land plunderers and claimants of fraudulently concerted or falsely surveyed Spanish and Mexican land grants, throughout California, that he might secure final decisions, at Washington, in favor of such plunderers, whom he had so well served as a Legislator, and a State Supreme and U. S. Circuit Court Judge. In this, he has largely succeeded.

A portion of the Justices who concurred in those false decisions, penned by Field, or who were inspired by him to pen a portion, are still upon the Bench. If innocent of intending a wrong therein, does it not behoove them to make effort to have the same reviewed and reversed?

Field's recent hypocritical advocacy of States rights, in his dissenting opinion regarding the validity of the Thurman Act, was intended to serve a double purpose—to defend the robber interests of his bribers, the Railroad Companies—and to make capital to secure a presidential nomination by the Democratic party. Had he not deserted the Republican party, and did the railroad interest lay the other way, he would have enunciated as plausible an argument on the other side.

In a very recent rendition by your tribunal, effecting the right to certain high land of this simulated Pueblo—"Trenouth *vs.* City and County of San Francisco *et al.*,"—a decision was penned by Justice Field, which, I doubt not, is erroneous. Field, himself, I am assured, has an interest in that tract of land. In fact, sir, it is impossible for any of the Justices, save Field, to write one about these lands, having the least semblance of legality; for as long as the Court shall adhere to the *stare decisis* of Field's contradictory and unsupported opinion and decree, in the Pueblo case, with all its complications, absurdities and iniquities, and notorious fabrication of the primary title to the land, it demands that all opinions of cases of similar import to the ones cited, arising under it, shall be written or dictated by that tortuous, jesuitical, ambidexter, tergiversating and Janus-faced jurist.

It is this yielding to Field's purchased judgments in California land cases, at Washington, and the much false legislation and adjudication had there, in consequence, which has caused Congress and the Supreme Court to be so angrily anathematized by many thousands of our citizens. He has long been the terror of this State, and, though generally denounced in private, few have dared to brave his vengeance (for he is as vindictive as he is villainous) by denouncing him publicly. You have virtually made him our Cæsar of the most tyrannical type—holding our fortunes and, indirectly, the lives of some despairing and despoiled ones, at his treacherous and venal behests. In several respects he resembles the dissimulating Tiberius.

It is *prima facie* proof that any side Field takes, in such land cases, is the wrong one, and he always gets well paid for it. Like Lord Bacon, he sometimes takes his *sweeteners* from both litigants, but cannot correctly set up the extenuating plea, of such great English Chancellor, that he never decided contrary to his conscience, since always deciding in favor of the party which pays the most; and, in California, that has, invariably, proved the one in the wrong.

In several instances he induced persons to invest money in lands, by telling them how he intended to decide the titles, yet decided the other way. He did so intend, at the time, but the other side paying the most, secured the decisions in their favor.

In all his opinions upon these Pueblo questions, Field makes the bald assertion that the Spanish and Mexican laws and usages declare this or that in support of his renditions, without citing a solitary book or page or adducing any oral evidence to substantiate the same ; whilst such books and pages, historical records and scores of uncontradicted witnesses were adduced upon the other side but ignored by him. In his decision of the Pueblo case, and in several effecting the tenure to lots lying within its boundaries, rendered since, finding himself all at sea without rudder or compass, he has said that "a Pueblo of *some sort*, no doubt, existed, covering the site of the City of San Francisco."

Some years ago, when denouncing, in presence of one of the Justices of our State Supreme Court, this grandest of all land frauds ever perpetrated in America, and relating my being swindled by it out of property of immense value, he said to me, " Well, sir, I was not, like you, deprived of any rights to such land, but having brought several thousand dollars to California in early times, I intended to invest the same in lots in San Francisco, but, upon investigation, finding no valid title to them, concluded not to do so, thereby preventing myself becoming a millionaire. And this, my experience and observation since, has taught me, that it is unnecessary to investigate the tenure of lands in California in which the many or heaviest investors are placing their money, but put yours in along with theirs; because, if there be no law to sustain their title, they will make it."

Napoleon said that Providence generally sided with the heaviest battalions and artillery. In California the decisions of our law Courts, especially in land matters, are usually upon the side of the heaviest money bags. In making this assertion I do not mean that the larger portion of the inferior Courts have been venally influenced therein, but that the Court of last resort has, which compelled the inferior ones to rule according to its erroneous judgments. Since the organization of the State Government, our Supreme Court, (excepting the first constituted Bench) has always had a majority of its members, and several times the whole (as was the case with the recent one) subservient to the plunderers.

Whether the existing Bench, elected under a new order

of things, shall take a new departure, remains to be tested. They have among them one black sheep who sat upon the late Bench and got on the present through vilely corrupt appliances, as can be circumstantially attested.

C. E. P.

FIELDIANA.

The high official position and large evil influence wielded by Judge Field, warrant something more being said of him, especially as it correlates with the general subject-matter of this pamphlet. I will but summarize a small portion of his corrupt and wrongful practices; those which relate alone to the land titles of this city.

In 1851, when a member of the State Assembly, he sold his vote in support of the celebrated San Francisco "Water Lot Act" of that session, receiving five thousand dollars for it, through the banking house of Palmer, Cook & Co.

At the following session, through the dominant influence of David C. Broderick, who had been cheated out of his promised share in the huge robber haul, made under that law, an investigation was had in the Senate, of which Broderick was a member, as to the bribery of certain members supporting such measure. He had secretly favored its passage himself, though hypocritically by voice and vote opposing it. Tom Van Buren, of malodorous notoriety as American Commissioner at the Vienna World's Exposition, was Broderick's right bower and spokesman in engineering that senatorial investigation, as well as in conducting various schemes of rascality, which Broderick was a party to, among them securing the passage of that very Water Lot Act, the year before. When my evidence, and that of others, attesting the guilt of Field and other bribed members, had been taken, and more yet of a directer character was forthcoming, these guilty legislators and their bribers becoming alarmed at the certainty of being convicted and the penitentiary coralling them, terms were made with Broderick, and further proceedings summarily stopped; the subservient Senate, at Broderick's dictation, voting also to suppress such testimony

as had been taken, by directing it not to be published in the Senate journal.*

As Justice and Chief-Justice of the State Supreme Court, Field sold numerous decisions; the most noted being "Hart vs. Burnett," penned, in 1860, by associate Justice Joseph G. Baldwin and concurred in by Field. This was the celebrated opinion which first manufactured the existing Pueblo, after the Court had set aside the *stare decisis* of "Cohas vs. Raisin," rendered by the same tribunal in 1853, which, at the instigation of the same band of land title manipulators, had manufactured a smaller sized Pueblo with the fee to the land vested in the city. †

* It was at this time that Van Buren, at Broderick's instigation, manipulated for the latter's especial pet and protégé—Carpentier—the Oakland Charter Act, which gave to him the entire water frontage of that town out to Ship Channel. I was a close observer of all the legislative manœuvres and dodges that Van Buren, prompted behind the scenes by Broderick and Carpentier, resorted to to smuggle such villainous measure through. At the last moment, the recently deceased, Henry E. Robinson, then a senator from Sacramento, checkmated the surreptitious forgeries and alterations made in the bill by those three scamps and had it corrected and sent to the engrossing clerk aright. But I, having, at the previous session, so well studied the unscrupulous character of those men, knew they would alter it to suit their purposes in the clerk's room, and so said to several members of both houses; telling them to examine minutely the enrolled bill before it went to the Governor. They did so, and reported it correct, as had, officially, Senator Frank Soulé and Assemblyman Orrick of the joint committee on enrollment. But notwithstanding their report, I kept up such a talk about my suspicion that the Governor would receive a bill of the character desired by Carpentier, that some members went to the Executive mansion to look at it, when lo! there it was in all of its original objectionable shape, which had been several times defeated in both branches of the Legislature. Soulé agrees with me that a bogus bill must have been prepared and smuggled before the President of the Senate and Speaker of the Assembly to be signed and sent to the Governor. The latter was urged not to sign it but send it back for correction. He was on the point of doing so, when Broderick, getting wind of what was going on, went to the Governor and shaking a big cane over his head, metaphorically if not literally, (some said the latter) ordered him to sign the bill. It was signed.

During a number of years, subsequently, several movements were started by the Oaklanders, to take legal steps to prove this corrupt enactment of said Charter Act and set it aside, but Carpentier always succeeded in buying off the officials of that burg and estopping it. Such land and water-way could yet be taken from Carpentier, and the Central Pacific Railroad Company, (which latter has acquired half) both upon the ground of fraud in securing that Legislature Act, and because the the city, by virtue of its municipal and riparian rights, is still the owner or, at least, controller of its bay frontage. But like the San Franciscans, with respect to their fresh water, the Oaklanders are too ignorant and devoid of community spirit to assert their rights and recover them.

† The present City Attorney, J. Luttrell Murphy, has recently published a card, excusing his impeachable and, doubtless corrupt conduct, by stating that the defeat of the Stratton survey would give to the city over two hundred acres of land. He must be a demagogic knave or consummate ass to make such an assertion. The city does not and cannot own a solitary acre by virtue of any Pueblo right.

The Court, in 1853, had overruled the righteous decision, rendered in 1851, by Bennett and Lyon, which latter conclusively showed that no sort nor size of a Pueblo existed, covering the site of the City of San Francisco.

Experience has demonstrated the fact that the Supreme Court of California has always manifested great reverence for the doctrine of *stare decisis* when any wrongful thing was to be upheld, but none whatever when a rightful one demanded its maintenance or rejection.

In a pamphlet titled the "Golden Key," published soon after the rendition of *Hart vs. Burnett*, the immense sums of money and much real estate, paid and promised Field and Baldwin for it, were specifically set forth, as well as their *lays* in several other large suits. It is believed they were choused out of their landed bribes through failure of the parties benefitted, to make good their obligations in the delivery of the deeds, or because their *brokers* or go-betweens held on to such as was deeded to them for benefit of those two Judges.

Of Field's rascally action on the Circuit Court Bench with reference to the Pueblo decision, and several decisions rendered since, relative to these lands; and his cooperation with Senator Conness in securing the passage of the law of 1864, I have sufficiently set forth in the letters to Waite, Speed and Dewey. Field, in fact, was chief engineer, for several years, in coterminously running both chains of title to this land, the one through the judicial and the other the legislative department. A most absurd and unprecedented procedure, as remarked by Senator Reverdy Johnson, when Conness introduced the Bill. Conness and Field fearing Johnson's opposition, watched their opportunity, as I have been informed, when he was absent from the Senate Chamber, to smuggle it through that body. Moreover, it was done when not only the eyes of Congress, but all the world were turned upon General Grant's grand movement upon the capital of the Southern Confederacy.

Field's latest effort to perfect title to a portion of his judicial land *douceurs* and secure his cash contingents, was to leave his judicial seat in Washington, the other day, to appear as volunteer counsel before Solicitor Marble of the Interior Department, to argue in favor of the rejection of the Stratton Pueblo Survey. The correspondent of the *Post* of this city says it was charged upon him there, that he had introduced a bogus map to sustain his position. Doubtless this is correct, as he is up to all sorts of such manouvers. I will relate one of his memorable tricks and unfold the

hitherto unpublished veracious version of the affair. History is full of examples of the same kind of efforts to bamboozle the community.

After his villainous decisions in the Pueblo case and other infamous conduct therewith connected, as related in these pages, he and Lake, trembling at the exposures made regarding the same, set their wits to work to counteract public opinion and cause a diversion, by creating a sympathy in favor of Field. Accordingly, these *arcades ambo* and *par nobile fratrum* invented that famous "Torpedo Plot," by which Judge Field was to be blown into smithereens, because of his sternly virtuous adherence to the law and the facts in regard to his Pueblo decision and decree. (Holy Moses!) The affair, as related by Field and Lake, was published in the *Washington Star* of January 17th, 1866, (it occurred two or three days before), and republished in many papers throughout the country, among them the *Bulletin* of this city, the 19th of February, following. Field and Lake likewise inspired the telegraph operator and various correspondents at Washington, to spread the "murderous attempt" tale far and wide.

The infernal machine or torpedo box, according to their story, was sent through the Post Office from San Francisco, directed to Judge Field, who received it in his room at Washington and commenced opening it, when pulling back the lid "an eighth of an inch," and discovering it was not a photograph, as he supposed, called Judge Lake's attention to it, who was opportunely present, who at once pronounced it a torpedo. Lake then put it in water a while, and taking it out, in company with a Clerk of the Supreme Court, to the carriage-way beneath the Senate steps, where, getting behind a pillar, one of them threw it against the wall and knocked the lid off. It was then sent to the Secretary of War, who turned it over to the Ordnance Department for examination. The expert there pronounced it the most ingenious and deadly contrivance of the kind ever seen by him, and indicating the work of a thorough artificer in that line.

Information was at once sent to the Police Department of San Francisco to work up the case, and discover the diabolical villains who concocted the scheme, Judge Field pretending to put them on the right track as to who were the guilty parties, by telling the *Star* reporter that his recent decision in the Pueblo case "had dispossessed a large number of speculators and adventurers who had occupied the land as squatters," thereby intimating that some of them

had had the torpedo manufactured and sent to him. The perjured, bribed and hypocritical scoundrel ! That decree resulted in the very contrary.

Chief Burke turned the investigation over to Detective Lees. Now Captain Lees is famous in his line ; perhaps the best criminal detective in America next to Pinkerton. He is good on a cold as well as a warm scent, and rarely ever fails to run down his game. He is a cunning dog, never barks, and won't bite or hold the game, when caught, if well baited by it. He soon got on the track of the concocters of this torpedo box, and traced it to the doors of Field and Lake. They, in fact, had had the box manufactured, through help of a confidential agent, by an ingenious mechanist in Baltimore, and placed directly in Field's room, or sent to California to be returned through the mail. Hence, no report was ever forthcoming from the Police Department. I asked Captain Lees about it a few days ago. He said it was not proper to reveal the secrets of his office, but that Judge Field knew all about such discoveries as he had made. I do not the least question it ; and so does Lake.

Field's own confession of this affair could be pumped out of him when in his cups, as he is then foolishly unreticent ; so much so that at dinner parties and other drinking bouts where he frequently gets maudlin drunk, (he has been an occasional spreer ever since he came to California), he has to be taken away, sometimes locked in a room till he sobers off, by his friends or parties interested in some of his rascalities, lest he divulge something damaging to them, or too much disgraces himself. Horace W. Carpentier, for whom he has rendered much villainous judicial service, could reveal some interesting facts in this particular. I believe they are not now friendly ; doubtless, because Carpentier refuses to cash any more drafts drawn by Field upon his exchequer. Horace W. went to Washington a few years ago to consummate there some of his numerous plunder schemes, and also bring Field out to do some judicial service for him here. Laying in an ample supply of wines, liquors and eatibles, he feasted and fuddled his Honor all the way over. The latter, during one of his liquor-leaky moods, came out of their private apartments, where he had been drinking "between drinks," among the other passengers, Carpentier whispering, low into the ear of Field, and he blabbing aloud—"Yes ! Yes ! I'll fix it all right for you !"

The Central Pacific Railroad Company, additional to cashing Field's numerous and heavy drafts upon it, furnishes him with a separate palace car over the road whenever he desires one.

But Field and his accomplices need no longer have fears of punishment for their crimes, through an impeachment trial and conviction or by the regular criminal courts of the county. No public official, however gross and notorious his offences, will ever again be prosecuted for impeachment before the Congress of the United States or Legislature of California, under the existing régime. Civic virtue no longer exists among us. Conscience has made cowards of us all, except the few, like Charles O'Connor and myself, who, abandoning all hope and effort to achieve reform under the present plan of government, and relying, as best for ulterior good, upon the *reductio ad absurdum* demonstration, are willing that such malfeasant officials shall even worse act in order to hasten the collapse of our rotten and fast tumbling governmental structure. The downfall of Richmond and surrender of Lee's sword at Appomattox dates the extinguishment of all genuine patriotism and public honor, or care for community interests, in the land. It was, likewise, the *coup de grace* or death stab to the system of government, founded by our revolutionary forefathers.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The following letter is of large importance to all, and should be generally read, reread and pondered well. Dewey of course, will deny his participation in the criminal practices set forth; but he will not, he dare not deny the perpetration of those acts by others. They are of historical record. In enumerating them, I have gone to no archives nor other documentary or printed matter, nor consulted witnesses to refresh my memory in the premises. I bore, as stated in the letter, a prominent part in those times, and had the events, related, too indelibly imprinted upon the tablets of that memory, ever to be effaced.

As frequently stated in my writings, a large proportion of the demoralization of society, and malfeasant practices of our public officials since, are due to the evil examples set by those land pirates and their puppets. They proved that *dishonesty* is the best policy to grow rich and rise to eminence in California; and hence, successful villainy has grown to be so highly esteemed among us.

C. E. PICKETT.

San Francisco, November, 1879.

OPEN LETTER.

TO SQUIRE P. DEWEY.

Sir: It has been my habit, for many years, to address "Open Letters," through the medium of newspapers and pamphlets, to public officials and other prominent persons, upon public affairs, to expose their ignorant or dishonest participation therein. I propose, at present, to address such a missive to yourself.

In past times, I was prompted to such task, solely to vindicate the cause of truth and benefit the public; but so much contempt, for nearly all classes of this community, has infused itself into me, and my patriotism has grown so apathetic, that I might not have undertaken this, but to opportunely gratify my revenge on you and your old thieving comrades of this city. I feel that to do so is justified by that "sacred animosity" the Bible and many great and good men have, in all ages, sanctioned.

I further preface by stating that it has long been my intention to write out (extracting much from my publications at the period) and print in book form, the *History of Land-Title-Manufacturing in San Francisco*, in which the old Real Estate Auction firm of PAYNE & DEWEY will prominently figure. But the extreme poverty I have long endured, by reason of being swindled out of a large fortune, once held in real estate here, through the machinations of the great plundering Ring which manufactured those titles—of which Ring the firms of PAYNE & DEWEY and DEWEY & SON were active and influential members, and through the operations of which, Squire P. DEWEY, the head of said firms, acquired a large share of the plunder—has too much distracted my attention to undertake so astounding an exposé of crime. Moreover, the Nemesian time, for such publication, has hardly yet arrived.

Your recent prominence, however, in the new role of *Mining Stock Gambler*; your big-sum suits against the Bonanza Barons, and several publications put forth about them, with your characteristic duplicity, induce me to anticipate that ampler and minuter work, by summarising, in a general and philippical manner, some of the grand schemes of fraud and other villainy, of that period, in all which, as stated, you took a prominent part.

Unlike yourself, I have never gambled in mining shares, have not acted in the capacity of capper or stool-pigeon, sold "long" or "short," nor speculated in dividends on "points," supposed to have been wormed out of the knowing ones, nor bucked against their "tigers;" consequently, have no grievances, on the score of bad faith or stocked cards, against any of the operators in such.

I have often been asked why I did not wield my "savage pen" in exposing the villainy and general hurtfulness of mining stock gambling, the same as I had done with reference to the wrongdoings of the Railroad, Water, Gas and other incorporated

companies, and the frauds, injuries and wide-spread corruptions attending speculations in and monopolization of the Public Domain; to which I responded, that whilst advising my acquaintances not to venture their money in such a doubtful game of chance—telling them that if they must gamble or purchase lottery tickets, to go, in preference, to the Faro Banks of Bill Briggs or Bill Barnes, or to Chinatown and try their luck at Fan-Tan, and taking tickets in the great Oriental Lottery, I did not assail the mining stock manipulators for two reasons—the first, that people were not compelled to be fleeced by their alternate bulling and bearing of prices and close corporation malpractices; and, secondly, that those manipulators did not so pollute the entire land and strike at the foundation of the Government by bribing our public officials to further their unfair operations, as do those franchised incorporators and the land grabbers and gamblers, of which latter fraternity, you have been a leading and lucky member.

Moreover, to possess homesteads, to travel or freight on railways, and to use gas and water, are imperative necessities, whilst to enrich oneself in hazardous ventures in mining stocks, is not. Also, such chartered companies are Public Agents and subject to control by the Authorities.

Among the many effusions of my pen was a “Memorial” presented to the California Legislature some years ago—“Upon the policy of licensing and regulating Gambling and Bawdy Houses,” which I favored. A number of copies of that Memorial was printed in hand-bills for circulation. I extract the following from it:

“Upon the question of gambling, permit me to expatiate more lengthily and widely. The mass of mankind are, by nature, gamesters. That great master passion of the most—*acquisitiveness* and the love of excitement and pride of opinion, in many—prompt them, in some way, to hazard the contingencies, or turn of the die, in speculative enterprises. All these are more or less demoralizing. The query is, from which of the prominent modes of gambling in our community flow the more tainting and widely percolating rivulets.

“Some ten years or so ago, during one of those spasmodic and periodic blackmailing raids upon the “hells” of the “blackleg” fraternity of this city, I was induced to pen, for the press, an article upon the relative grades of gamblers; but since my strictures sent too heavy a bombshell into the ranks of “our leading, wealthiest and best citizens,” no columns were opened for its insertion. It was thus smothered, as have been the most of, and all my best *censor mores* essays, tendered the newspaper proprietors, during a number of years past. My classification was— which holds equally good to-day—as follows:

“*First*, in rank, as regards the extent of their operations, unfairness of gaming and its injurious effects upon society, are the great LAND GAMBLERS. Employing all branches of the Federal, State, County and City Governments to subserve their iniquitous purposes—the major portion of our public servants, in each, being bribed or bamboozled to be used as obedient pawns or representing checks—they have thus managed to rake into their thieving coffers the immense amount of real estate and other wealth in their possession.”

In your recently issued pamphlet, responsive to what you term

a "Libellous Publication of the Bonanza firm" of yourself, you speak of the "wash sales" of that firm—sham purchases from and sales of stock to each other and confederates, to unfairly raise or depress prices, and thus swindle the speculating community.

I am not writing this letter to defend those parties. For aught I know they may be guilty of what you allege. But that you, you avaricious, mock pious, swindling old hypocrite! should have the effrontery to prefer such a charge and to proclaim that your object for investigating the alleged cheating by the Bonanza firm and their confederates, was to "benefit the public and expose fraud and falsehood," when guilty yourself, as notoriously known to all the old timers, of doing that very thing in connection with land sales in this city, proves you (compound of Oily Gammon and Doctor Cantwell) to be the same cheeky and unconscienceable rascal as of yore.

In this and other disreputable ways, with the outlay of little money, except your contributions to the great "Bribery Fund," raised to purchase, for your purposes, the venal assistance of our public servants, you acquired property which has made you a millionaire.

To consummate your plunder schemes (manufacturing "Pueblos" and Water Lot Muniments, and so entangling titles under them as to enable the tricksters of the Ring to grasp a lion's share of the land through the "Little Joker" game of "heads I win, tails you lose") you and confederates perpetrated every species of iniquity, even to conniving at, aiding and abetting numerous murders or manslaughters.

Blinded by your avarice and enraged against the Bonanza firm because of the loss of a few thousand dollars of your ill-gotten wealth, charged to their procurement, you seek to array the community against them by professing sympathy with the poor men and women, the widows and the orphans who invested and lost their little sums in mining stocks, seemingly forgetful of the large number of poor people you and your confederates defrauded of their little homesteads, to which they were entitled.

To enumerate the vast amount of tricky villainy that you and your bandit brethren resorted to, in the manufacture and confirmation of titles to your stolen lots, would lengthen this letter to a huge-sized volume. I will, perforce, recite but a few points.

As well known, you had various Judges in your pay and employ, or who were possessed of a secret lay in your contemplated "swag" hauls. These would render a half-way or indeterminate decision effecting a large amount of land, and incorporate an *obiter dictum*, intimating how they would decide when the case should be brought, upon its full merits, before the court. Then you and your Ring swindlers would go to the parties who were thus menaced with defeat, and purchase their titles for a pittance. After

obtaining them, you secured a final determination, when, instead of deciding in accordance with the *obiter dictum* outgiving, your judicial confederates would wholly ignore that and decide contrariwise.

Another trick of you land gamblers was, after gobbling all the lots, possible, under one line of decisions, and casting your covetous vision upon other land parcels which required an adverse order of decisions to enfeoff you with the fee, was to buy up these opposing titles, at a trifle, and let the cases, filed in Court to determine them, lie *perdu* until you went to the Legislature and to Congress to smuggle through Bills that would authorize the Courts to adjudge such titles valid. Numbers of these suits being collusive, your gang conducting both sides.

Another trick was to appear at auction sales of lots with some sort of a Court process, or other authority, forbidding such sales, (employing agents to thus denounce some of your own sales,) where the announcement was made that parties purchasing would acquire no title thereto. By thus defaming the same, you secretly bid in the property, through your pals, for a fraction of its value, and then got such titles declared vested in you.

You were also a party to the conspiracies which secured the resignation or electoral defeat of several judges, who either could not be dishonestly used for your purposes, whilst on the Bench, or had committed themselves to certain renditions, it was your policy to have reversed by other pliant incumbents you intended as successors.

Another scheme was to get cases transferred from a Court, where the judge proved proof against your venal overtures, to one where his honor had less scruples of conscience. I will cite a memorable instance of this sort—the transference of the “Pueblo” case from the United States District Court, where it had lain several years, after finding yourselves unable to bribe, bamboozle or bull-dose Judge Hoffman to declare that myth a realty. The Act authorizing this transfer was surreptitiously smuggled through Congress by Senator John Conness, assisted by Supreme and Circuit Court Justice, Stephen J. Field, who left his exalted seat, in the old Senate Chamber, to lobby the Bill into a law, which transferred that case from Judge Hoffman’s Court to his own.

You were a party to the dishonest efforts made to prevent an appeal being taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, in the Pueblo case. And when it had gone to Washington, you were, also, of the same party who raised the bribe money to successfully induce Attorney-General Stanberry to dismiss the appeal, because well known, that Court would have unanimously (of course, excepting Field,) reversed the decree of the Circuit Court, had it been permitted to go to trial—thus consummating the prestidigitating juggle, and bottoming the titles to nearly all realty in this city, upon the hugest fraud ever perpetrated in America.

Your other most memorable failure, was the previous attempt at bull-dosing, bamboozling and bribing Judge Nathaniel Bennett,

whilst on the Supreme Court Bench of the State, to do what Hoffman refused.

Your piratical band, likewise, failed to bribe Judge McAllister—Field's predecessor on the Circuit Court Bench—to recognize your whole-cloth manufactured "Pueblo," or sustain certain Water Lot muniments you had similarly manufactured.

And yet, though slimed over with all these criminal offenses, you have the brazenness, in the pamphlet alluded to, to say:

"Having been a resident of California for thirty years. * * *

My business pursuits having been carried on side by side and in co-operation with those who are to-day her best, representative and most influential men; having, out of my own fortune, had the opportunity and the happiness to aid many of her citizens in laying the foundation of their existing prosperity, not one of whom can say that my own was acquired at his expense, or at the cost of honor, it will not be considered vanity," etc.

That several of our "representative and influential citizens," but not the "best" co-operated with you, in acquiring your fortune, I admit. That not one such will volunteer to say you acquired that fortune, or he his own, otherwise than in the most honorable manner; and that you aided many such citizens in laying the foundation of their existing prosperity, I likewise admit. I have shown how you and they acquired such fortunes. But not one of them will come forward to publicly vouch for your not having accumulated your fortune at the "cost of honor." They do not desire to have stirred those stenchy matters of the past, nor have their names emblazoned again before the public in such connection. Being *particeps criminis* with you in those operations, the possible opening of the portals of the penitentiary for yourself and them must be an ever disquieting reflection.

For this reason, they will not permit you to bring a slander suit against the Bonanza Firm, because of their "Libelous Publications" about you, nor against the proprietors of the *Bulletin*, *News Letter* and other newspapers for inserting such "libels" in their columns. Nor will they permit you, if fool enough to think of it, institute a libel suit against myself for penning and publishing this letter. Yet, nothing could please me better than for you to do it. Opportunity would then be afforded me to prove, through legal form, to all the world, the guilt of yourself and confederates, in those unparalleled acts of villainy.

When this shall be done, (and it will yet be done as sure as fate,) perhaps you and other *nouveau riche* of the old land-thieving and "rotten pork and sour flour" aristocracy of this city, will not effect such upstart superiority over the *newer rich* mining millionaires, nor over gentlemen of fine fibre and culture, simply because they may be poor. You may not then repeat the sneering allusions made in your pamphlet, to two of the Bonanza Firm, when snobbishly speaking of their "debased experience as proprietors of a rum-shop, and associates of dram-drinkers." Now, when those two men proprietored their "Auction Lunch" on Washington street, I was an occasional dram-drinker at their saloon. I was

never imposed upon by them with bad liquor, nor in any manner cheated there. I did not learn they kept loaded dice, marked cards, nor any back room "deadfall"—to rake the pockets of fuddled or drugged customers.

But, at the same period, there existed in another portion of the city an "Auction Sales Room," kept by Payne and Dewey," where, figuratively speaking, were loaded dice, marked cards, cappers, stool-pigeons and deadfall back rooms, in which a vast amount of cheaterly was concocted and perfected, as set forth in this *brochure*. And in several instances, it is known that drugged and undrugged liquor was resorted to, by you conspirators, to drown the senses of certain victims, as well as tools, you could not use for your purposes, when sober, to carry out your robber schemes.

Doubtless, but for your political predilections, and desire to assist in booming General Grant into the Executive Chair of a "Strong Government," you would be sneering at him, because he assisted his brothers-in-law to keep their "groggery" at, and work their ferry boat across the Stanislaus river in 1854; kept a billiard saloon, in this city, the same year; wagoned cordwood from his father-in-law's farm into St. Louis shortly after, and was clerk in his father's tannery at Galena on the opening of the inter-State war.

You designate J. C. Flood a "moral pachyderm," by which you mean, a rhinoceros-hidden rascal. Now, he may have a very thick cuticle of the sort, but I venture the assertion that an examination and comparison of the two will reveal yours to be greatly thicker, and that its excretions emit a far more foul effluvia.

In several places in your pamphlet, you make manifest your own bar-sinister blooded vulgarity, by supercilious allusions to the "low origin and previous "disreputable occupations" of the Bonanza men.

Indeed, this thing is quite characteristic of you, as so often illustrated. I will mention one humorous incident:

You put on many high-flung airs every time you visited Europe, giving out that your great fortune was not accumulated by you, through any such vulgar occupation as merchandising, manufacturing, mining, speculating, or the like, but was inherited from illustrious ancestry.

During one of your "doings" of that continent you travelled a portion of the time in company with another sight-seeing and airy American.

I quote the story from Barry & Patten's book—" *Men and Memories of early San Francisco.*"

"One of our San Francisco Aristocracy was formerly a crockery and earthenware dealer, on the Atlantic side of the continent, but did not pursue his old trade in California, making more money in various

ways, from hotel-keeping to real estate speculating, etc. After accumulating a fortune, he, of course, followed the old stereotyped path—went to some other country to spend it. Meeting a congenial spirit in Europe, they traveled the grand tour together, each playing the *rentier*, the *grand propriétaire*, entirely ignoring any knowledge of business, of any nature whatsoever. They were together in Paris, on the Rhine, in Dresden, Berlin, Vienna, Venice, Florence, Rome, and finally came to Herculaneum and Pompeii, where they were lost in the wonders of the long buried past.

"One day, as they were examining some curious specimens of ancient pottery, bowls, cups, dishes and recondite platters, in one of the unearthed palaces of Pompeii, our California *rentier* became genuinely interested in a singularly delicate thin bowl of very hard, bell-like material, that vibrated with a gentle ring in handling. Turning it carefully over, he scrutinized it inwardly, outwardly, and at its edge; held it up to the light, with every look and movement denoting the expert, but all unconscious of the watchful eyes of his companion. Suddenly, after a long inspection, he tossed the bowl with his right hand, caught it on the extended finger-tips of his left, held it in silent poise, like a prestidigitateur, giving it a quick tap with the middle finger knuckle of the other hand. At the clear bell-like ring, his face glowed with the undisguised satisfaction of an approving virtuoso in Chinaware and Crockery.

"'No! you don't say so? I used to be in that line too.'

"'Eh, what did you say?' asked the California *rentier*, suddenly roused from his preoccupation, and turning a dismayed face to his companion, 'What line? Don't understand you!'

"'Oh, bosh!' said the other, 'I have been too many years in the business not to know you by the way you handled that bowl just now. We'll understand each other all the better hereafter.'

"'I don't understand you at all, sir,' said the silly Californian, whose vanity was so wounded that he actually turned his back upon his good-natured companion, and never resumed the acquaintance."

I am informed, however, that your experience in the crockery traffic could not have rendered you a connoisseur in antique vases, Sevres porcelain nor fine Chinaware, since you only dealt in common dirt and delft-ware—pitchers, plates and piss-pots.

A work has, for some time, been in preparation by Bancroft & Co., to be entitled "*Contemporary Biography of California's Representative Men—Illustrated with Steel Plate Portraits.*" Some two years and a half ago, the distinguished biographer (Professor Phelps), employed by Bancroft upon it, importuned me to assist him in such labor, assuring me I would receive a good salary per month. I told him that no amount of money would induce me to perform such task—that, in fact, I could not, since my mental stomach would nauseate and upheave were I to undertake the penning of such laudatory matter about those scamps, the most of whom I *knew* to be such, as would be expected of me.

A short while after the issuance of the *prospectus* for this work, and the Professor's soliciting me to assist him in immortalizing, in history, these *novum hominem*, I published a pamphlet entitled "*American Education Analysed*," in which I devoted a

page and a half to a criticism of the prospectus, and some advance criticisms on the forthcoming work. I extract it:

"Here will be a grand collection of our Shoddy Aristocracy. The portraits will cost each of them \$250, and a copy of the book \$50 more. They will write or dictate the outlines of their own biographies which will then be fixed up in fulsome style by the facile penman in Bancroft's employ. But what a vast deal in the career of numbers of these gentry will be suppressed; especially, as to the various villainous methods through which a majority of them acquired their fortunes. The one virtue in their lives will be transmitted to after times; but not the linked thousand crimes.

The book is also to contain, additional to some prominent in all classes and ranks, the biographies of those who by "commanding talent, or valuable public service, have contributed most to the prosperity, growth and reputation of the State." In the list enumerated are "Judges and Lawyers who have labored to make justice what it should be, the synonym for the best results of the highest human reason." Now, I have exceeding curiosity to learn what judges and lawyers of California, of this character, are to be especially wafted down on the wings of fame to an approving posterity—who, among them, or the others, are to be held up to the admiring gaze of the rising generation as par excellence examplers, to be imitated—as cynosures to steer by:

It is possible there will be so many omissions in these biographies as to necessitate my penning an addendum to those of several of the most prominent. I think I could make such read much more racily and truthfully. So hurry up Messrs. Bancroft and let me get out a supplement to your book. In yours will doubtless be found the lives of various egotistical inanities, who will thus be sent forth as first-class scholars or of other merited note.

The last query in your circular heading to be filled in by such autobiographers (whom you tell, confidentially, in its preface, that "the public shall not be made acquainted with the sources of information") reads thus:

"*Retrospect*—If successful, state to what should success be attributed?"

Ha! ha! as if the most of these self-lauding historians are going to tell you or the public the real secrets as to the way they acquired their cash or climbed to political eminence. It is asserted that the most of history is a lie. Your forthcoming book will certainly be so in the main.

You say in your "Prospectus:" The work is purely an American idea, and is in the direction of assimilating American literature with American civilization. While thus conferring a beneficial influence on the present generation, the sketches will supply reliable data for the graphic pen of the future historian."

The first of these sentences is correct; it is, eminently an American idea and is consonance with the most of American popular literature and of its now dominating civilization; or, as shown in these pages—decivilization. The second sentence will prove wholly untrue, and for this reason, do I review and condemn the book, in advance. With my supplemental key, however, such may prove beneficial.

The book has been so long delayed, and learning that your biography will be included in it, I put forth this "Open Letter" as an advance chapter of my contemplated supplement.

Doubtless, you and all your old plundercratic oligarchy will essay to counteract the damaging effects of this exposure, by bestowing upon me the epithets and characterizations, so effectually used

in the past, to soften my charges against you; forestall my influence, and lessen the weight of such testimony. As usual, I will be termed "crazy," "erratic," an "Ishmaelite," "deeply prejudiced," a "sour and disappointed" man and the like. You, nor none of your gang have ever charged, nor will you charge me with dishonesty or intentional unveracity. So far as being a "sour and disappointed man," I would ask you as I have frequently asked others, making this remark, where are their proofs? My countenance does not indicate it. I have never been an office seeker, the rather, a decliner, since refusing several tendered me; among them the important one of Indian Agent of Oregon, a commission for which was, unsolicited sent me, in 1847, by my old personal friend, President Polk (it being the *first* United States official appointment made west of the Rocky mountains; consequently, not disappointed in that line; and as regards wealth, I acquired and lost a large fortune in the mines, in early days, which did not trouble me the least. It is true, I possessed real estate in this city which you plundercrats swindled me out of, through the availments of simulated titles, and corruptly enacted and adjudicated statutes, that would have rendered me immensely wealthy, but I was tendered, at the time, other property to appease me, and put a stop to my thwarting opposition, that was as valuable; for, as well known, I was, during several of those years, a power in the land, and would have remained so, had not nearly all public virtue, or care for community interests, and regard for men of merit, died out amongst us. I am now of small importance in public estimation—wielding little influence, notwithstanding, I have, amid vast temptations, never swerved from the bee-line of rectitude, and have added greatly, during a quarter century and upwards, of maturing years, such stores of experience, knowledge and wisdom as would enable me to still better serve my fellow-citizens. But, I repeat, this misappreciation and non-preferment of me, brought about through the defamation of your class, does not sour nor disappoint me, since I desire no office. I did, until recently, grieve much over such suicidal conduct of my countrymen, but a calm philosophic acceptance of the situation is the existing condition of my mind. In proof of this, I adduce the fact that I abjured party politics during the recent campaign. I did not publish an article, make a speech, register, nor vote. Party prejudice and passion, place and plunder appearing to be the sole incentive, on every side, I abjured the whole, as I will, in future, until our form of government shall be changed; which event is nigh at hand.

Corroborative of certain allegations, made herein, and allusions to self, I will give a conversation held between Joseph C.

Palmer and myself a number of years ago, on the Oakland Ferry boat. Palmer, as well known, was head of the great banking house of Palmer, Cook & Co., an institution that wielded fifty fold more influence, in its day, than did the Bank of California, in the palmiest period of Ralston's administration of it. Not only the city of San Francisco, but the entire State was, through their venal control of public officials and the politicians of high and low degree, absolutely ruled by said firm, with the co-operating assistance of you land pirates. Palmer and myself had not spoken to each other for a lengthy time in consequence of the fierce warfare I had waged against his dynasty. But, as he was now shorn of fortune and power, when we met upon the guard of the boat, and I saw he desired to address me, I frankly extended my hand. We discussed much about the stormy and eventful times of his reign.

I may add that with Palmer, as with Ralston, there are extenuating credits to be set against their much wrong-doing. Both were liberal with money, pushed forward improvements, and lavishly scattered immense sums whether rightfully or wrongfully accumulated.

But how widely different with yourself, although you boast, in your *brochure*, of the contrary. So far as I have learned, you have held tightly the draw-strings to your big bag of land and other plunder.

Palmer said to me—"Pickett, in the ramified and important operations our house was engaged, which necessitated the wielding of large political influence, you was the most influential and most feared man opposing us; but as you always battled our plans in a bold and manly manner, I greatly admired you, and would have had you put forward for any office you might desire. You could have gone to Congress, or taken a high State position. Had you been willing to accept them, deeds to any number of high-land and water lots would have been made out and given you, and your check upon our bank, for such money as you might require, would have been honored, had you but consented to cease such opposition. Look, sir, at the numbers erecting their fine houses and setting up their carriages in the city. We made the fortunes of the most of them, and you could have been the richest among them. You had a better right than any to the largest share of the real estate they acquired. You were here when the American flag was raised over the country, and shouldered your musket to uphold it. You then became a resident of the little village of Yerba Buena, and helped to lay the foundation of the great city it has grown to be, and I always regretted you did not receive your due proportion of its lands."

To this I responded: "I know, Mr. Palmer, and knew at the time, that the property you mention, bank accommodations and high official preferment were ready to be tendered me whenever I signified a willingness to accept such, but I could not receive them on the terms required of me—the forfeiture of my honor

and compromise of my manhood. Moreover, as you know, I did, on arrival in California, acquire an inchoate, legal and equitable claim to a large portion of such property, and have been rightfully contending for it."

"But," rejoined Palmer, "your claim or character of title was in conflict with that which the new comers had agreed to establish, and as it was a grab game under the new system, and a foregone conclusion that all such land was to be thus divided out, you ought to have come in and taken your proper portion."

"Mr. Palmer, I must reiterate, I could not accept it in the way that it was tendered, and I feel better contented to-day, in my poverty and uninfluential private station, than had I attained to high civic position, or become a millionaire on such conditions."

You, Squire P. Dewey, had no such scruples, and, through many tortuous methods, bagged a large portion of that booty.

That your suits against the Bonanza Barons are only intended to blackmail them into making good a portion of your losses, you allege one of them had caused, in the sale of certain dividends, and not for the purpose of securing a dollar for the stockholders, of the immense sums you allege, in your complaint, the Barons have swindled them of, is attested by several of your proceedings. It is only necessary to cite one to incontestibly prove this. That one is the secret proposition made, in writing, to Flood to pay you \$52,600 of said losses, when you would abandon all idea of suing them on behalf of the stockholders, enter into business relations with them—that is, help them to bull a boom of stocks, on false pretences, in order to swindle more of those poor men and women, whose losses you so hypocritically deplore, and have declared the Bonanza men ought to be hung for occasioning. Also, that you would "renew your old social relations with them," notwithstanding your contemptuous averment about their "vulgar antecedents" and "debased experience as proprietors of a rum-shop and associates of dram-drinkers."

Here was a quadruple act of villainy to be perpetrated. First, your premeditated treachery to the stockholders, to defend whose interests you had been proclaiming was the sole prompting of your assault of the Bonanza firm. The second, to leave your Attorneys in the lurch, since they were to be kept ignorant of the compromise. Thirdly, that Flood was to connive with you in concocting a falsehood to give out, as the true reason why an adjustment had been effected between you. And fourthly, the bulling boom in stocks you proffered to assist in, that you might be enabled to thus beswindle more money out of a bamboozled public. The last proposition was made at another time.

I insert that "memorandum" to let it speak for itself. It was made verbally, and then handed in writing to Mr. C. O'Connor, as your pamphlet shows :

DEWEY'S PROPOSITION—MEMORANDUM.

“Through misinformation I was made to lose in a transaction in the “Bonanzas” the sum of \$52.600. That information coming from an official source and being a question of fact and not of opinion, I claim that that loss ought, in justice, to be made good to me, HENCE MY INTENTION TO PURSUE IT. But as you have been pleased to remark, ‘that course leads to an estrangement of old friendships, as well as of business and social relations, and the matter had better be accommodated by mutual concessions, if possible,’ I am willing to treat it in that interest, and will make the following proposition for a compromise of the whole matter, viz : I will sell to your friends 1,000 shares of “California,” which I hold, for the above named sum of \$52.600, WHICH WILL DIVIDE THE LOSS, with the understanding THAT THEREUPON OUR OLD SOCIAL RELATIONS SHALL BE RENEWED as if nothing had occurred to interrupt them, and that counsel nor friends—on either side, however intimate—shall know nothing more of this matter than that explanations mutually satisfactory to all parties have been made.”

After the failure of such proposed schemes, in consequence of Flood's refusal to accede to your proposition, hardly another man than Squire P. DEWEY would have had the reckless temerity to institute such suits with a document, of the kind, in possession of the enemy. Yet you did it, which shows you must have become deranged with grief in brooding over your gamester losings.

And I have heard it rumored that you are even now secretly essaying to induce the Bonanza firm to pay you something on condition that you will withdraw those suits. In fact, you would be willing to accept the \$30.000 you once proffered, through lawyer Lake, to take, and call it quits with the defendants.

Therefore, if the other disaffected stockholders, in the Bonanza Companies, desire to push the suits, in good faith, against the defendants, I would advise them to get rid of you and your dummy Burke, since Flood & Co. can, at any time, buy you off at such low price.

In the event that you shall be defeated in your suits against the Bonanza Barons, you might make a raise by “Burkeing” them through a different process. For your benefit I will tell you how.

A man by name of Burke, in England, some years ago, procured a number of cadavers to sell to the Medical Colleges, for dissection, by drugging persons and then lowering them with a rope, tied to their feet, into a well, where they drowned and the unabsorbed drug ran out of their stomachs.

You might get your dummy man Burke to make way with the Bonanza men in some such manner, hide their bodies and, like the robbers of Stewart's remains, await a reward from their wid-

ows. Mrs. Stewart paid a hundred thousand dollars for the remains of her husband. Doubtless, Mesdames Mackay, Flood and Fair would each pay as much for the cold corpses of their beloved husbands.

I have, now, a proposition to make you in my own behalf. It is to buy me off from assailing you any more. Nay, should you succeed in assisting me, in the matter, I will not only not be a party to any move to send you to the penitentiary — whither there is strong likelihood of your going — but should you be sent there I will intercede with the Governor to commute a portion of the term for which you may be sentenced.

As stated in this letter, your land-title-manufacturing gang choused me out of realty here, which would have made me a many times millionaire. Through the same legalised schemes of spoliation I, necessarily, became enfeoffed with a portion of said property which would still have left me wealthy. But when I essayed to have the parties, in possession, ousted from this, your *douceured* Judges flopped, and decided against me, since other tracts of land, held by several of your gang, were involved in the issue; thus again succeeding in playing, against me, the unfair game of "heads I win, tails you lose."

Two of the fifty vara lots, in the second swindle of me, are claimed by ex-Judge S. C. Hastings. This man has committed more crimes than yourself, as numerous as are yours. His reputation for such is notorious. He is worth five million dollars, nearly all acquired through acts of villainy. He was elected California's first Chief Justice. When you banditti made overtures to bribe the Court in the "Pueblo" case, you failed, as stated, to corrupt Associate Justices Bennett and Lyon, but easily made terms with Hastings. There is where he laid the foundation of his large fortune. And not only did he sell himself in the "Pueblo" case but all the time he was upon the Bench of that Court, made money by selling his opinions, and also, by finding out how a majority of the Court would decide, in a case, and then guaranteeing, for a bonus from the successful suitors, a favorable rendition. He has been the leading "Broker," for such Court, ever since he left the Bench.

Now, if you can persuade your old land-thieving *confrere*, Hastings, to disgorge so much of his booty, by deeding those lots to me, I here publicly proclaim that I will, in good faith, repay you in the manner mentioned, but will not "resume our old social relations."

It would, as observed, fill a huge-sized volume, or several, to relate all the villainy perpetrated by you and your land-title-manufacturing and gambling gang, to say nothing about your numerous swindlings in wildcat mines and other "hogging" games, in that line, since : which, as I am informed, you have, for several years, carried on, and pocketed much money therefrom; so I will close

this lengthy letter by referring to but one count in the long list of your especial rascalities.

That one is the notorious robbery of the large landed property, lying in this city, belonging to my old and much esteemed friend, Rodman M. Price, a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1849, ex-Town Councilman of San Francisco, ex-Purser and Paymaster of the U. S. Navy, and ex-Governor of the State of New Jersey.

To effect this robbery, the firm of Payne & Dewey colluded with the faithless agents of Price to purchase from the latter, at a third of its value, this large property; your portion of the steal being estimated at one hundred thousand dollars.

Some twenty years ago Price had you arrested, in New York, for participation in this robbery, to await the termination of a suit against the firm of Payne & Dewey and the aforesaid faithless agents. He obtained judgment against the latter for a large amount, I believe, which he has never been able to collect, whilst you managed to wriggle out, upon some technical ground, although the testimony clearly disclosed you guilty, and such was the belief of the judge.

Governor Price will arrive in San Francisco sometime during this month, a portion of his business here, to try and compel you to "disgorge" some of that stolen estate.

Hasta luego! ladron de terrenos.

CHARLES E. PICKETT.

POST SCRIPTUM.

Among your several Attorneys in battling the Bonanza Barons, I recognize one—S. W. Holladay—who long co-operated with me in battling your "hogging game" carried on in the land gambling times alluded to. I have always entertained a high regard for that gentleman. Whether you win or lose your suits against the newly created Mining Barons, I hope you will fee him largely, and thus make some amend for his defeat and losses when cheated out of his rights by you and your land-gambling gang.

In another of those Attorneys—Alfred Wheeler—I recognize one who actively and prominently co-operated with you in conducting such "hogging game." I believe he is not now well estated. In the event that you shall not gain your \$40,000,000 suits, you ought to be generous enough (you boast how much you are so) to deed him some of the real estate he assisted you to steal.

And, finally, in your legal Counsellor—Nathaniel Bennett—I recognize, the ripest scholar and ablest lawyer who has stepped foot in California; the ex-Judge whom your land-grabbing banditti, in 1851, after failing to bribe with the immense sum of money ready to be raised for him and his concurring colleague on the Bench, and then ineffectually striving, through every effort

at bull-dosing by your subsidised newspapers, even to threats of personal violence through a mob that was proposed to be raised for such purpose, to overawe and compel him to ignore the facts, the law, and his conscience and decide in their behalf, then cunningly tricked into resigning, that a more pliant successor might be put in his place. I hope you will, also, fee him largely. He is now, and long has been in straitened circumstances, notwithstanding his eminent abilities; and mainly so caused by the refusal of you wealthy plunderers to employ him, and the injury done his reputation by reason of the suspicious circumstances attending his resignation, which you scoundrels, who thus compromised him, have, for years, secretly circulated with a construction you knew to be false, to prevent his being placed again in such official position, by popular election, which has been three times essayed.

I know your reason for employing the two honorable gentlemen mentioned. *Firstly*, because you have long known them to be most capable in their profession; and *secondly* and *mainly*, because of your confidence in their integrity. With so much unfaithfulness to clients on the part of so many attorneys in California, (selling them out,) you secured the services of those you believed would be proof against the golden bribes of the Bonanza Barons, in the event that these should attempt to buy them.

C. E. P.

ADDENDUM.

To make as much of a titular *tabula rasa*, as possible, of the territory on this peninsula, in order to cover the land with their "Pueblo" creation, the robber-ringsters set to work to defeat the confirmation of several genuine Mexican grants.

I bought a lot on North Beach in 1847, held under an undoubted Mexican title; but was swindled out of it by certain Argonautic pirates, some three or four years, subsequently, through means of an American Alcalde grant (possessing no validity whatsoever) made to it.

The d'Haro grant, covering the Potrero—a genuine Mexican title—was, also, through some legal hocus pocus, declared invalid that such valuable portion of the city site might be appropriated under the Pueblo fraud.

The Shereback claim of 400 varas square—another valid Mexican grant, located on Mission bay marsh, at the western base of Rincon hill—was confirmed by Judge Hoffman, about 1860. The old Pueblo ring-manufacturers paid no attention to this suit, believing that Hoffman dare not decide in favor of any title which conflicted with the Pueblo demesnes. The decision struck them with dismay. Their subsidized newspapers (they then, thuswise, as usual, controlled all our journals), made a dreadful howl over the matter, denounced Hoffman, furiously, and demanded that the case should be reopened and reversed. But Hoffman left



for a visit East directly after its rendition (fled, it was said by some, from the wrath of those wolfish ringsters), when Circuit Court Justice McAllister was applied to, who, upon affidavits made by certain witnesses, in the case, that their location of the claim was incorrect (it was well understood that they were bribed to make such affidavits, since their location of the claim is correct), made an order reopening the case. On Hoffman's return he refused to vacate that order, thus sending up the claim to the air, where it has hovered ever since, it being impossible to float it on other land.

The entire Pueblo title-concocting pack of thieves, as purchasers of realty from them, were terrorized lest the should be knocked out of the great Pueblo myth, itself, by such correct decision, as made by Hoffman in confirming that, and hence, the hubbub about the same with its results.

I understand that the parties holding the title to such tract are about taking action to have the proceedings, reopening the case, set aside, and the decision reaffirmed.

DECISIONS WHICH MAKE THE PLUNDERCRATS SQUIRM.

Three years ago the Supreme Court of the United States made several important renditions (the so-called five Granger decisions) declaratory of the obligation of certain public corporations or agents, and the power of the respective States to control them ; and last spring rendered another, affirming the validity of the "Thurman Act," which especially operates upon the Union and Central Pacific Railway Companies. Of course, the regularly pensioned advocate, on that Bench, of these great corporations and other plunderers—Mr. Justice Field, judicial creator and materializer of the Pueblo ghost—dissented from those just judgments; and all the papers in the pay of the cormorant monopolists, checkmated in their plunderings by such decisions, are yelping and snarling savagely at the Court. The *Sacramento Record-Union*, Stanford & Co.'s leading organ, denounces that tribunal and those decisions in worse than fish-women's billingsgate ; terming such decisions "Communitistic ; agrarian ; dishonorable ; immoral ; false in their premises, arguments and conclusions ; repudiative of solemn contracts ; sanctioning the robbery of vested rights ; demoralizing to society, and only made because of a cowardly, demagogic and base pandering to the demands of a hoodlum, venal and depraved populace." Field it regards as the only truly wise and virtuous judge among the nine.

It is to be hoped that the great Pueblo swindle will yet have a full hearing before that Court, where and when its enormous wickedness will be shown. But should a Pueblo be declared to exist, it will then be shown that every edict, equity and usage of the Spanish and Mexican Governments, which established it, have been violated by the manipulators of the title and grabbers of the land.

TIGER CLAWING TIGER—SHARK DEVOURING
SHARK.

Among the professional card "sports," it has always been the *esprit de corps*, of the fraternity, that a "cinched," "lame duck," or "tiger"-scratched victim must not "squeal."

For several years the voracious mining sharks have fraternally fattened on the numerous gudgeons that they conjointly enticed into their ravenous mouths and maws. But gudgeons growing scarce and lean of late, these mining stock sharks, like the "green-cloth" bankers, when similarly situated, have commenced to devour each other; and when it comes to "shark eat shark," then look out for a terrific lashing, foaming and bloodying of the waters.

Among the lesser mining stock sharks, who have been bitten by the larger, and are violating the gambler's code in "squealing," the most noticeable, by reason of their prominence and louder wails of agony and rage, are the proprietors of the *S. F. Chronicle*, Squire P. Dewey and Coll Deane.

The *Chronicle*, for several years, was the leading mining stock "bulling" or "booming" organ in the State. Its glowing descriptions of the "Aladden-like" treasure emboweled in the earth at White Pine, Reese river, Virginia City, and other places in Nevada, set nearly the entire community crazy, to suddenly enrich itself, therefrom. Its proprietors, of course, received, gratis, a number of shares, in several mining companies, for thus "making a market" and attracting numerous schools of gudgeons into the nets of the fishers. These shares they hypothecated to raise funds to buck the mining tiger. Presently a reflux in the speculation tide occurred, leaving the *Chronicle's* piratical bark stranded on a leeshore, with a heavy margin due on depreciated stocks. They besought the Bonanza firm, and other successful operators, to float them off. This they refused, when the *Chronicle* crew set up an agonizing yell of resentment and revenge against all mining manipulators, especially the Bonanzadores.

Of gambler Dewey's special grievance, the public has been fully informed.

Of gambler Deane's, I know but little, except as revealed in his recent speech. Doubtless, the big sharks have raked him with their larger and stronger teeth, and—"hence these tears." But he ought not to have "squealed." It is unprofessional. He ought to have perceived not only its unmanliness but impolicy; since, among *his* numerous gudgeon victims, steps forth a no less personage than the great agitator, Denis Kearney, who accuses him of conniving at the swindle of himself, three years ago, of three thousand dollars.

And yet a more patriotic and pious sermon was never preached than by this same Coll Deane in Union Hall. "Satan reproving sin!" Like Dewey, Deane proclaims himself the embodiment of virtue; in fact, all mining stock operators are, in his estimation, models of virtue and fair-dealing, except the Bonanzadores.

Unlike General Washington, "who could not tell a lie," Flood can and does lie, according to Dean and Dewey's testimony. But who vouches for the veracity of D. & D. ? Deane says of Flood: "We cannot expect anything elevated in his conception of the morality of things." But who looks for "the morality of things" in any stock operator? Everybody can preach well. The devil can out-preach a saint. Let us see the corresponding practice. Deane's recent sermonizing is excellent. It beats that of any delivered from the pulpits of this city. And now that he is a busted stock gambler, the victim of misplaced confidence, like Dewey (deluded Deane and Dewey!), I would advise him to get a church and go into the "Gospel sharp" line. With Dewey's assistance, they might be able to successfully run a "forty-parson power" concern. Long-live humbug! It pays better in America than any country on the globe.

My sermon to the multitude about mining stocks can be summed in three words—"Don't buy them! I would, likewise, advise the public to take no side in these shark fights. Stand aloof, and let the big sharks eat the little ones if they can. There will then be fewer sharks to prey upon the community. Afterwards, some avenging sword fish can pierce the plethoric bellies of the big sharks.

In Deane's discourse he quoted some excellent matter from a 4th of July oration, recently delivered here, in regard to the obligation and duties of wealthy men to society; and pointed out the shortcomings of the Bonanzadores, in such particular. That was a telling truth. I have, for several years, unheededly, preached the same. But where are our exemplary wealthy? Did Mr. Deane, when possessed of a million, do his duty to society? Did he pay anything upon his "bond" held by the body politic? I have never learned so. The rather, did he not plunge more recklessly than ever into the great stock gambling maelstrom and stake his whole pile, in order to double his assets? Nay, "worse than a heathen," did he not even fail to safely provide for his own household, by pursuing the pathway of other desperate gamblers, in staking and losing his wife's separate homestead, in that game of chance? And is he not now hallucinated with the belief, that he sees untold millions in certain undeveloped areas of the Comstock lode?

Finally, Mr. Deane counsels the community to organize a "Vigilance Committee"—*alias*, Lynch Court—to seize and hang the Bonanzadores. But let me inform this rash revolutionist, that when such time shall have arrived, the necks of all the stock brokers will be in equal or more danger than those of Mackay, Flood and Fair.

"The devil was sick, and the devil a saint would be;
The devil got well, and devil a saint was he."

Dewey, Deane and other sick stock sharks moralise, now, in saintly measure. Let Dewey, Deane, and all ailing stock sharks, get convalescent, when devil the more saint talk from them.

